

Too Good to be True

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Too Good to be True

by [sourweather](#)

Summary

Will and Hannibal are having a discussion about sex, and Hannibal discovers that Will has some troubling misconceptions about his own body.

Notes

I know this ends sort of... sooner than some of you mightve hoped it would, but if this is well received and yall want a chapter 2 I might get around to it ;)

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

"I beg your pardon?"

Will scarcely even blinked. "It's not real," he said, as if it was common knowledge. "It's all fake, like everything else."

Hannibal simply stared at him for a moment, unable to formulate a response.

How the topic of conversation had even drifted to pornography in the first place was unclear to him, the nature of their conversations so vague and erratic that Hannibal was at times helpless to do much more than follow the tracks of Will's own train of thought. They'd spent some time waxing philosophical on the artificial nature of porn, from the clinical lighting to the performative, put-on moans and grunts, to the evils of modern beauty standards.

Hannibal hadn't expected, though, for his freshly-wedded husband to bring up—

"Squirting?" he clarified, cringing internally at how juvenile the word felt in his mouth. Why is it that terms having to do with the vagina are always so awkward? He pressed past it, though, his discomfort replaced with dawning horror.

Will just nodded.

"You think that squirting isn't real?"

His husband had the gall to laugh at him, nearly patronizing. "You're a doctor, aren't you? Don't tell me you didn't know."

Hannibal's frown only deepened. "Darling, I assure you that vaginal ejaculation is not 'fake'."

"I think I'd know better than you," Will shot back with a pointed look.

"I've seen it first-hand."

Will laughed. "You got pissed on, you mean."

He leaned back in his office chair, watched as Will took up a perch on the edge of his desk. At the sight of his husband's lifted brow, Will took it upon himself to elaborate. "Squirting is a myth that women made up so that they could piss on their boyfriends and then laugh when they acted like it made them sex gods. If a guy tells you he made somebody squirt, that's a signal that he's an asshole who doesn't know what he's doing in bed." He smirked down at Hannibal. "If one of your lovers 'squirted' on you, Han, then you must have practiced a lot since then."

Hannibal is once again too shocked to reply. He knew, of course, that modern society was horribly deficient on sexual education, but to think that a grown man could be so disillusioned about his own anatomy—

He cleared his throat. "I take it that you've never experienced it yourself, then."

"Came so hard that I wet the bed? No."

Hannibal met his eye, twinkling fiercely. "Would you like to?"

Will scoffed, but the slight reddening of his cheeks gave him away. "Hannibal, I *just* told you —"

"And I am telling you that you're wrong," he interrupted, standing smoothly from his chair and closing the meager space between himself and the desk. He slotted himself easily between Will's spread knees, his husband's thighs immediately pressing together to bracket Hannibal's waist. He leaned close, ducked his head to ghost his lips over Will's jaw.

"Hannibal..."

"I'm confident that I could do it, Will," he purred, and Will sighed, tipping his head to the side and exposing his already marked throat.

Hannibal pressed his lips to a partially faded suck bruise, smiling to himself when Will's breath hitched. "It can be difficult, the first time. I may have to spend *hours* between these lovely legs of yours," and he punctuated the comment with a heated caress over Will's thighs. His kisses roamed until he found Will's ear, his next words a filthy whisper.

"But I can give you pleasure that you never even dreamed your body could be capable of feeling."

"Fuck," Will sighed. He shifted on the desk, pressing himself closer to Hannibal's body. "I still don't believe you."

Hannibal's hands wove around his waist, grabbing a hungry fistful of his husband's shapely ass. "The absolute worst-case scenario is that you prove me wrong, and you get to spend the evening being spoiled— you have nothing to lose."

He felt Will's throat work beneath his lips as the other man swallowed, deliberating slightly. His very breath shook when he finally whispered a weak "Okay."

The next moment, Will was being lifted from the desk and carried toward the bedroom, Hannibal biting eagerly at his husband's jaw as he went. His mouth watered impatiently, intoxicated by the thought of correcting this awful misconception.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

7 MONTHS BETWEEN PT 1 AND PT 2 ISNT THAT LONG RIGHT? RIGHT????

“F-Fuck!”

It’s all that’s left of his vocabulary, at this point in the evening. His husband’s name and a collection of expletives. All higher thought has been lost, stolen somewhere between his fourth and fifth denied orgasm.

He knew it was going to go this way, that’s the worst part. Can’t even be mad at the bastard in question, even as he looms over Will and chuckles darkly like a vampire in a 70s movie. He knew, from the moment Hannibal offered this proposal, that he would end up babbling, shaking in his extremities, drenched in sweat and slick and his husband’s saliva.

Will licks his lips, the only part of him that’s uncomfortably dry. He can’t stop panting, mouth hanging open while pained, pleasured sounds pour out of him. His trembling, aching thighs try to close, to hide himself away from the stimulation he’s been too sensitive to take for the past hour. Two. Fuck, he’d stopped being able to tell. Too long.

Hannibal just places a broad hand on his inner thigh. Holds him open. It doesn’t even take any effort. Will’s strength is gone.

“Stay,” he warns, and Will is so raw that just his *voice* is enough to make him shiver. It plays low and hot over his senses, makes his gasp and writhe in the sheets.

Hannibal, wicked demon that he is, smiles. He’s *loving* this. Will can’t fucking stand how much he’s loving this. He’s practically drooling as he looks Will over, takes in the pitiful picture he paints. Will swears he hears his husband growl as his gaze trails lower.

Will jolts in the other man’s hold when Hannibal’s thumb brushes over his clit. He’s been brought to the absolute brink of orgasm nearly a dozen times, either by his husband’s hands or his mouth. No toys. He’s too self-possessed for toys, tonight.

Any other man would have stopped by now, would have been merciful enough to finally let Will come. Or bored enough, if mercy didn’t cut it.

Hannibal isn’t like any other man.

He’s got no limit to his sadism. He doesn’t get bored, not where Will is concerned. No, he could do this forever.

Two thick fingers plunge into his overworked hole, and Will throws his head back with a desperate mewl. It's torture. He can't fucking do this anymore. Hadn't Hannibal's goal been to make him squirt? What's he waiting for?

Dazed, his lidded eyes look up to Hannibal again. He's focused, entirely absorbed in Will. There's a fire in his eyes, though. A passion, a hunger. Whatever was left of Will's sanity might have left him tonight already, but he must still have two surviving brain cells left to rub together, because it finally clicks.

Hannibal might not get sore. He might not get tired. But he's not a machine. No, Will's husband happens to have one big, highly-exploitable weakness. And it's currently rock fucking hard.

"Ahh!"

Will arches from the bed, spreads his legs wide, flutters his lashes. It's nothing compared to the displays Hannibal's dragged out of him already, but it's really a matter of quantity over quality at this point. "Oh God, H-Hannibal, please, *please!*"

He's not having to work hard to be convincing. Hannibal's got him far past the edge of madness. He's usually too proud to beg, but he knows damn well that Hannibal loves it when he does.

Hannibal's lip twitches upward, a possessive snarl that Will has become deliciously accustomed to seeing. "Tell me what you need, love," he says, and there's a familiar glint in his eyes. Will is playing directly into his hand, and worst of all he's too desperate to care. If he has to get on his knees and plead, then he'll fucking do it.

"I need to cum," he whines. Hannibal adds a third finger, and it's good but it's not what he needs. "Fuck, I— I need to cum on your cock, baby, please."

Maybe it's for Hannibal's own good that Will doesn't beg often, because it absolutely breaks him every time. In seconds, Hannibal is on top of him, pinning him to the bed by his wrists like there's any chance that Will might try to get away. He catches Will in a kiss, and it's all teeth and tongues and the taste of his own slick in Hannibal's mouth.

He shoves his way in, and Hannibal might be good with his hands but nothing compares to how *full* his cock makes Will feel. Evidently he's finally gotten sick of teasing, because Hannibal doesn't waste a single second. As soon as he's inside, he's fucking Will brutally. It's rough, and deep, and exactly what Will's been craving for God knows how long.

It's been too long for him to last. Too much buildup, too many endless minutes of being edged and teased and *touched*. He's nothing but a mess of nerves, he can't, he's—

"That's it, darling. Let go."

"*Hannibal!*"

He's silent for a moment, a scream frozen at the back of his throat, and then he's gone. The scream bursts from him, every muscle in his body seizes and quivers, he stops knowing how to breathe. He's never felt something so intense, he didn't know that it could *be* so intense.

Hannibal rears back on his knees, fucks him through it, watches. Will might have been embarrassed by that, if he wasn't coming so hard that his vision was whiting out. Will almost sobs with his release, too overwhelmed with pleasure to be annoyed about being proved wrong as he soaks the sheets.

The sight of Will rapt with ecstasy is enough to drive Hannibal over the edge, and with a few more ragged snaps of his hips he's coming inside, adding to the mess between them.

Will feels on the verge of passing out as soon as he comes down from the high, but he forces his eyes to remain open. He reaches out, drags Hannibal close, brings him into a deep, slow kiss. When he pulls back, he falls limp against the mattress. All he wants in that moment is to be placed in a hot bath and treated like a god for all that he's endured. He feels drained, utterly useless.

He cracks one eye open, and the first thing he sees is his husband, looking more smug than ever.

"Something you'd like to say?" Will croaks, disentangling himself from their embrace with a slight huff. He wishes he didn't sound so weak. He sounds almost as wrecked as he feels.

Hannibal grins. Will hates it, and even more than that he hates how his heart still melts a little at the sight, even now.

"I've never been one for 'I told you so's," he purrs, and Will chuckles dryly.

"Right. You just want to make sure that you and I are both aware that you *could* say 'I told you so' right now. Even if you're not so rude as to actually say so. Is that correct, Doctor?"

Hannibal shrugs, but his smile doesn't waver. "In so many words," he concedes.

Will rolls his eyes, but he laughs all the same. "If I say that you were right, do I get carried to the bath?"

"You may even receive dinner, afterwards."

He narrows his eyes at Hannibal. Hannibal's own are twinkling with self-satisfaction.

Without a word, Will hauls himself out of the bed and begins stumbling stubbornly to the bathroom on his own. Hannibal, laughing, follows. He's hardly made it to their bedroom's threshold when Hannibal sweeps him off his feet.

End Notes

PLEASE tell me this was a misconception you guys heard too. it wasn't just me, right?

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